

Wishful Thinking

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'Its over,' the words repeated themselves over and over in his head until they lost all meaning. He was not able to believe that until seven o' clock that morning, he had been happy and in love. Then came that phone call. He remembered every miniscule detail of that conversation clearly. She had tried to be amicable about it, but he knew what she meant. 'Its just a break' she had said, but he truly knew that it was over and it hurt. It hurt more than anything to know, that she wasn't coming back to him. He hadn't cried or fought it. He knew it was coming so he had quickly nodded his head yes and took it in stride.

It was unavoidable, something that had to be done. What else had she said, his mind mulled over the conversation searching for the lame line she had used. An angry smile spread across his lips as he remembered. They were growing apart and no longer needed each other like they use to, she had explained. He believed that was what hurt the most. What exactly was he to her? Did she just see him as a project? Her one good deed for the year, to shape up the town loser? He quickly pushed those thoughts out of his head, Andrea McPhee was nothing worth mulling over about.

"Hey Pacey," a cute blonde, with long legs and a killer smile said as she slid onto his desk. She casually crossed her long legs trying to show them off. Pacey rolled his eyes, "Hello Melissa," he replied disdain evident in his voice. Melissa Richardson had been after Pacey ever since he started dating Andie. He had no idea how girls worked, he was able to measure girls interest by Before Andie and After Andie. It was amazing how little girl interest there was until he met Andie.

"I heard about you and Andie, its too bad. I think you two were really sweet together," she said sweetly, recrossing her legs. Pacey raised his eyebrows amused, God news sure did travel fast. He glanced at her outfit appraisingly, a short black mini skirt and a tight light blue cashmere button down sweater. Why not? he thought. Andie was gone, might as well have some fun. He sadly nodded his head, "Yeah, I did too. But obviously Andie thought differently," he brought a hand to his face and propped his elbow up on the edge of the desk.

Melissa took this as a sign of his sadness over the break up. "Its okay, Pacey." she said softly while soothingly rubbing his back. Pacey tried his best from keeping a smirk from crossing his lips, but failed. "Its just so hard," he murmured, keeping his head down the whole time. "I know, listen if there's anything I can do for you just tell me," she replied sympathetically. Pacey dejectedly nodded his head. "I'll keep that in mind,"

"Remember, anything Pacey," she added. Pacey looked up and gazed at her with a sad, little-lost-puppy dog face an unconsciously placed a hand on her leg. "Your sweet," he said with mock innocence absent mindedly running his hand up and down her leg. She gazed around uncomfortably seeing if anyone was watching, but everyone had already left for next period and they were alone in the class room.

Melissa gulped, "Its the least I can do. Your a nice guy Pacey," Pacey tried hard to suppress his laughter, so far no mention of where his hand was and yet they both knew it was there. He decided to see how far this game would go. "You know I've always liked you Melissa," he said with mock sincerity, gazing up at her. She let out a ragged breath as his hand slid under her skirt, "Y- you have?" she asked in a shaky voice. He nodded his head yes. Truth is he never really liked her. He just thought she was cute, but that was what she wanted to hear and he was not about to deny her that.

Her breath came out in rapid, gasps for air. Pacey smiled to himself liking the reaction he was getting. "Yeah, I have. I've been thinking about you a lot lately," he said with a soft smile. She let out a soft moan. "Thats nice," a small smile came to her lips. "Thats very nice," she murmured. The sound of the front door opening caused Melissa to hurriedly slide off the desk. "Damn," Pacey muttered to himself as he got up off his seat. A familiar blonde head, came into view.

"There you are Pacey," Dawson said with a smile as he entered the room. He was surprised to see Melissa there, but said nothing of it. "Hey Melissa," he raised his hand in a small wave, finally acknowledging her presence. She glanced at him awkwardly and brushed a strand of blonde hair. "Oh yeah, hey. Its Dawson isn't it?" she asked unsurely.

Dawson nodded his head, "Yeah thats me," Pacey rolled his eyes. "Listen I have to go," she said nervously, but not before brushing up against Pacey, "we'll have to finish, our.....um, discussion later," she whispered. Pacey nodded his head and gave her a soft smile.

She smiled back and hurried out of the class room, but not before turning back. "Hey there's a party at my house tonight. You should come," she said with a grin. "Hopefully I will be soon," he muttered to himself, but Dawson heard him and eyed him strangely. "I guess I

should stop by," he said with a smile and a wink. "Cool and bring your friend-," She glanced at Dawson quizzically unable to remember his name.

"Dawson," Dawson finally said. "Oh yeah that's right, sorry about that." She gave him a small grin. He rolled his eyes unamused. "Bye Pacey," she said dragging each word and giving him a small wave and an alluring grin. Dawson had to stop himself from wretching, this was too much. "Bye Dawson," she added hurriedly as an afterthought and quickly exited the room.

Dawson rolled his eyes, "What was that about?" he asked gazing at Pacey quizzically. Pacey just shrugged his shoulders annoyed at his friend. "Nothing. We were just having a friendly discussion," Pacey replied and grabbed his books.

"And I would believe that if Melissa Richardson was actually able to carry on a decent conversation," Dawson replied. "Listen, it's no big deal. Melissa's just a friend that's all," Pacey replied annoyed at Dawson's questions. "Since when have you two been friends?" Dawson asked knowingly as they exited the class room.

Pacey sighed as he headed to his locker, "Since last period. We shared a very er, touching moment," Dawson shrugged his shoulders and leaned against a nearby locker. "So my newly single friend, any enticing plans for this weekend?" he asked as Pacey slammed his locker shut. Pacey shrugged his shoulders. "A party,"

"Don't tell me your actually going to go to that thing," Dawson exclaimed as they headed toward the cafeteria. "Why not? It's not like I have something better to do," Pacey replied as he grabbed a seat. "I don't know. It just doesn't seem like your type of party," Pacey shot him a look. "I mean come on, it's Melissa Richardson we're talking about."

"Point being?" Pacey asked annoyed, joining the ever growing lunch line. Dawson raised his arms in defeat, "I have no point. For once I'm in the same predicament as you are," Dawson said with a smirk. A short brunette came up to Pacey interrupting their conversation. "I'm really sorry to hear about you and Andie," she said gazing up at Pacey with big blue eyes. Pacey looked at her approvingly. A pair of tight jeans and a white tank top, which complimented her curvaceous figure. "Thanks Racheal," he replied with an insincere smile. She smiled, revealing sparkling white teeth and a pair of matching dimples. Her friends called her and she signaled for them to wait a minute. "Here," she said grabbing his hand. Taking out a hot pink pen from her purse she meticulously began to write her phone number. After she was done, she capped the pen and smiled at him. "Call me sometime," she whispered in his ear and walked away.

Dawson stood slack jawed, not believing what had just taken place. "What just happened?"

"She has a nice ass," Pacey stated and grabbed his lunch. Dawson followed suite. "What exactly is going on? First Melissa Richardson, and now Racheal Gibbens. Who's next?" Dawson asked bewildered. "Just shut up and eat," Pacey replied scowling.

End

file.